The henloft. All this is nought,
Harke you mistresse *Anne*.

Shal. Hee will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I by God that I will, come cut and longtaile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Anne. O God, how many grosse faults are hid
And couered in three hundred pound a yeate?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two ile tell you more

Slen. I thanke you good mistris *Anne*; Vnckle I shal haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come in, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *Anne*.

Slend. Well Nurse, if you'l speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit all but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for Master *Fenton*,
But specially of all for my Master.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter Mistris Foord and her two men.

Mis: For. Do you heare? when your Master comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your Master bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Mis. foord. Sir *Iohn*, welcome.

Fal. What, are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. foord. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, & I hope will

will not come yet.

Enter Mistresse Page.

Gods body here is Mistris *Page*,
Step behinde the Arras good sir *Iohn*.

He steps behinde the Arras.

Mis: Pa. Mistris *Foord*, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hee's comming to search for your sweete-heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis: For. O God mistris *Page*, the Knight is here,
What shall I do?

Mis: Pa. Why then y'are vndone woman,
Vnlesse you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis: For. Alasse I know no meanes,
Vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal: No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mis: For. There they vse to discharge their fowling peeces.

Fal: Why then Ile go out of doores.

Mis: Pa. Then you are vndone, y'are but a dead man

Fal: For Gods sake deuise any extremity,
Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis: Pa. Alasse I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape.

Mis: For. That's well remembred, my maids Ant *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis: Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis: For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis: Page. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*,